

THE BIG 30 DAYS' SALE

Now on, everything you need in Dry Goods under the market prices. Special bargains during the Big Sale at E. Thomas' store where your dollars go farthest. Now is the time for you to buy what you need in dry goods.

DRESS GINGHAM, THE BEST, 35c yard—sale price	12½c yd
Galaters 40c yard—sale price	13c yd
\$1.50 Suitcases, sale price	89c
Men's Overalls, \$2.00—quality sale price	\$1.13
Men's Blue Shambly Shirt, \$1.50 quality, sale price	79c
Men's Work Hose, 25c quality, sale price	18c
Fleece-lined Underwear, drawers and shirts, sale price	79c
Men's Shoes, \$3.00 quality, sale price	\$1.39

Men's Army Shoes \$5.00 quality, sale price	\$3.39
Ladies' Dress Shoes \$5.50 quality, sale price	\$3.98
Men's and Ladies' Cotton Hose, 20c quality, sale price	7½c
Children's Bedroom Slippers, all sizes, \$1.25 quality, sale price	79c
Matting Rugs, 60 X 27, in sale price	49c
Big assortment of Jewelry of all kinds at a special sale price	
Men's and Boys' Jersey Wool Sweaters, \$3.50 quality, sale price	\$2.13

When you are in town don't forget to look at our big assortment of Furs, Skirts, Waists, Coatsuits, Dresses, Men's & Boys' Clothing.

E. THOMAS' BIG 30 DAY SALE

Rockingham, N. C.

Mrs. S. J. Smitherman, Miss Beulah Hurley, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hurley and children, of Troy, spent Sunday with Miss Pattie Monroe.

Mrs. S. T. Thrower, Miss Lola Thrower and Miss Mamie McGill, of Raeford, and Mrs. Percy Cole, of Hamlet, spent Wednesday of last week with Mrs. W. C. Williams.

"Experience" at Hamlet.

The play, "Experience," will be presented at the Hamlet Opera House on next Tuesday night, November 18th. Prices \$1 to \$2. See advt. in this issue.

Victory Loan Subscriptions.

The figures for the subscriptions for the Victory Liberty Loan of last spring for Richmond County show that the apportionment was \$262,950, whereas the county actually subscribed \$194,300. The number subscribing was 323.

Large Potato.

Mrs. W. M. Gray, at Roberdel No. 2 is "some potatoist" when it comes to raising big yams. As proof of her gardening ability she has sent the Post-Dispatch a tuber weighing six pounds and nine ounces.

There are all kinds of cheap printing—but none of it is really cheap—at least not on a basis of value. Cheap stuff is usually worth almost what it costs. Our printing isn't the cheapest you can get, but it's as good as the best.

NOT SOARING.

"I never heard of you as having the slightest chance for a presidential boom."

"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "I know my limitations, and I am not discontented. Most anybody can get beat for a nomination to high office, but it takes a pretty good line of ability and luck to hold on to moderate distinction term after term."

Sentiment.

The Mistress—Mary, what is that old paint-pot doing on the corner shelf?

The Cook—It belongs to the man who worked here last spring.

The Mistress—You may throw it away.

The Cook—I'll do nothing of the sort, mum. It's all I have to remember him by.—Puck.

Its Result.

"How do you like the play?"

"Not at all. It sets me to thinking."

"Why, there isn't a serious thought in it. It was written to keep people from thinking."

"I know. But just the same it sets me to thinking how poor it is."

Lost Friendship.

"I thought they were the best of friends."

"They used to be."

"What happened?"

"The two families tried the experiment of sharing the same summer cottage for a month and now they're deadly enemies."



IN LEGISLATIVE HALLS.

Did you see "the lady senator?"

I did.

And what was she doing when you saw her?

She was powdering her nose.

Safety First.

Full many a grave is filled today by men who had the right of way.

Sign of Wealth.

"They must be very wealthy."

"What makes you think so?"

"They own a phonograph."

"Shucks. Lots of people own phonographs."

"I know, but they keep theirs supplied with the very latest records."

Miss Susie V. Shipp now gets her paper at Durham, care of Mrs. John W. Webb, instead of New Haven.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Henderson, of Greenville, Alabama, drove here in their car Monday for a several days' visit to their cousin, Mrs. Henry Fairley. Mr. Henderson says he has a cotton gin that has not been operated in four years—due to the boll weevil cleaning up his section.

Rev. Robert Rowe, rector of Trinity church, Greensboro, spoke in the Episcopal church here Wednesday night in the interest of the Nation-Wide Episcopal Drive which culminates on Dec. 7th.



Self-Made Music.

"Do you think our oratorical friend was sincere when he asked the crowd not to interrupt him by demonstrations of approval?"

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "there are men who would rather listen to their own voice than to applause."

Opinions.

"Every man has a right to his own opinion."

"And yet," mused the policeman, "I once helped pick up the scattered remains of a man who entertained the opinion that he was justified in leaving dynamite on people's doorsteps."

An Undesirable Job.

Toller—Out o' work? Well, try the boss inside. He ain't bad. The hours are short, the work ain't hard, an' the pay's good.

Applicant—No good to me. There ain't nothin' to strike about.—London Tit-Bits.

Husband Who is Handicapped.

"I imagine, from what Mrs. Robinson says about her husband, that he is having trouble in supporting her."

"What does she say?"

"She is continually referring to him as a man with such a brilliant mind."

—Judge.

No More Games.

"The honeymoon is over."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Yes. She no longer hides when she hears hubby insert his latch key in the front door because she knows he wouldn't hunt for her if she did."

No Use.

"There's a man in the house. Let's call for help."

"What's the use?" replied her husband. "We have neighbors on either side of us who have reputations for minding their own business."

What's the Use?

Mrs. Willis—What is this stuff that you are going to give my husband?

The Doctor—Anesthetic. After he takes it he won't know anything.

Mrs. Willis—Come, doctor, he doesn't need that at all.—Judge.

CAUTIOUS.

An American ambulance driver in the French army, running over a road under heavy shell fire, saw a green driver with a truck in a shell hole says Judge.

"Stuck, old man?"

"Yes, this is my first time under fire. You see, they always told me a shell never hits in the same place twice, so I drives into this hole, and—well, by gum, pard, can't you pull me out?"

Shakespearean Knowledge.

"What is the meaning of the word 'adage'?" a schoolmaster asked.

"A place to put cats into," was the pupil's answer.

"What put such an idea into your head?"

"Well, sir, doesn't it say in Shakespeare, 'Like the poor cat in the adage'?"

Approval.

After all," said the philosopher, "what we really struggle for in this life is the good opinion of some one else."

"That's right," declared Mr. Crosslots. "My wife and I are both terribly worried for fear our new cook won't like us."

What She Wanted.

Woman—I want to get alimony from my husband.

Lawyer—I see; do you want an absolute divorce or just separation papers?

"Why, if I can get the alimony, I don't care particularly for any separation at all."

Quite Up to Date.

Old Friend—So you are engaged?

Ethel—Oh, yes; he's nothing but a flat, but he has a motorcar, flying machine and pots of money.

Old Friend—Then he's what you'd call a modern flat with all conveniences, I suppose?—London Tit-Bits.

COULDN'T KEEP A JOB.

Powder Can: What's the matter?

Pistol: Oh, I'm getting tired all the time.

Comment.

He is indeed. A dismal elf, who cannot chuckle at himself.

Short Work.

Jones—Have you any good farms for sale?

Real Estate—Are you a good judge of farm property?

Jones—I am.

Real Estate—I haven't.

Real Help.

"What are you doing to help your fellowman?" asked the reformer.

"Well, for one thing," replied the old grocer in the corner, "I'm trying to keep out of his way as much as possible."

The Correct Version.

Wife—Speaking correctly, William, ought I to say "I shall have a new dress," or "I will have a new dress?"

Hubby—Speaking correctly, Marie, you should say: "I won't have a new dress."

Getting Down to Details.

"Nothing in this great wonderful world of ours was made in vain."

"Well," observed Uncle Bill Bottletop, "maybe you can show me something to do with a perfectly good mint bed."

The Reason.

"Does your chauffeur gossip about your affairs that you call him a leaky vessel?"

"No; I call him that because I am always calling him out."



"Oh! Goody!" "Butter-Kist" Pop Corn

Better than candy for the kiddies, and just right for the older ones. Only the perfectly popped grains, then buttered to just the right taste.

No burnt kernels, no "bachelors."

The wonderful "Butter-Kist" Popper, now at work in our store, is turning out hundreds of sacks of this tempting pop corn, so fresh, crisp and appetizing—untouched by hands. See this machine operate. Taste the delicious pop corn it turns out. You've never eaten anything like it before.

Take a sack or carton home tonight



R. A. MANSHIP

(2 doors north of Stephenson-Belk's.)



CARELESS.

Hubby: I dreamed I had uncounted gold.
Wife: That's just like you. You never even take the trouble to count your change.

Conflicting Opinions.

The world's a fleeting show. We're glad that we are here to see.
Or whether it is good or bad
The critics disagree.

Mal de Mer.

"A linguist has a great advantage at sea."

"Eh?"

"He can groan in several languages."

Believes in 'Em.

"Boardly's th' most superstitious man I ever saw."

"Superstitious?"

"He's the sign painter, you know."

Comparisons.

"What a fine flush was on that pretty little wife's cheek the other night."

"Humph. It was nothing to the fine flush in her husband's hand."

Financier.

Bob—Still in the hole?

Jack—Yes, I wish I could borrow enough to pay my debts and start again with a clean slate.

A Personage at Last.

"You ought to see the efforts some very distinguished people now make to get our old friend Binx to notice them."

"Has he become a society leader?"

"No. Water in a restaurant."

Out Witted.

Higgins—You shouldn't allow that donkey to do just as he pleases.

Where is your will-power?

Miggins—My will-power is fairly strong but not so strong as this donkey's won't-power.

Taking a Suggestion.

"Our cook says she is afraid of ghosts."

"Thanks!" exclaimed Mr. Crosslots. "Ours isn't afraid of anything human being can say or do. I'll tip my wife off to try ghosts."

PROHIBITIVE.

"Do you cast your bread upon the waters?"

"Not since it's 10 cents a loaf."

The Glad Hand.

I believe you're only acting. Your love is merely a play.

"If I act so well, won't you give me a hand in the usual way?"

Wed and Won.

Wince—He lost all he had in Wall street, but later he married a widow with three million dollars.

Twice—I see. Lost on the stock but won on the bonds.—The Lamb.

More to the Point.

Evelyn—My father made his fortune when he was quite a young man.

Would you like to know how he did it?

Edward—Not especially; but I would like to know if he still has it.

In the Affirmative.

"Did you propose to her on your knees?" asked Smith.

"Yes," replied Brown. "That's where she was sitting when I proposed to her."—London Answers.

That's Different.

Harduppe—Will you settle a bet for me?

Goodthyns—Gladly. What is it?

Harduppe—Ten dollars I lost to Fluddub.—Judge.

Taken With Salt.

Oswald—My love for you is like the deep blue sea—

Clarissa—And I take it with the corresponding amount of salt.—London Answers.

Revenge.

"Pa, what is revenge?"

"Revenge, my boy, is the art of making a disgrace of yourself just because somebody else has been unfair to you."

Doesn't Bother This Professor.

"How do you do it, son? You stay in that class every day."

"The prof. is a retired minister and doesn't mind it."—Penn State Froth.

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WEDNESDAY, Nov. 19th.
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